Literary News and Criticism

Around the World in Many Illustrated Books.

SURFACE JAPAN. Short Notes of a Swift Survey. By Don C. Seitz. Illustrated in color by photogravure and marginal sketches after Hokusai. Small 4to, pp. 155. Harper & Bros.

ISLANDS OF ENCHANTMENT. Many-sided Milanesia. Seen through many eyes, and recorded by Florence Coombs. Illustrated with 100 photographs by J. W. Beattie. 8vo., pp. 382. The Macmillan Company.

THE FAIR LAND OF CENTRAL AMERICA. By Maurice de Waleffe. Translated by Violette M. Montague. Preface by Sir A. Conan Doyle. With 24 illustrations from photographs. 8vo., pp. 288. London: John Long, Limited.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH NIGERIA. Life and Travel in the Central Sudan. By J. D. Falconer, D. Sc. With map and 32 illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIGERIA. An Account of an Official's Seven Years' Experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan Belt, and a Description of the Manners, Habits and Customs of the Native Tribes. By Major A. J. N. Tremearne. With illustrations and a map. 8vo., pp. xvi, 342. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The number of books about Japan is still increasing, the Japanese themselves being more and more inclined to add to them volumes of their own, explanatory, didactic, defensive and accusative, as in the case of their relations with this country. The West has progressed—and, in a certain way, digressed—from æsthetic appreciation to social and especially political and economic studies, whose practically unanimous conclusion is that the White Man's burden is an increasingly heavy one for the Yellow Men of the island empire to bear.

Mr. Seitz's book does not undertake too much, but it performs thoroughly the task he has set himself. He skims the surface quite minutely, indeed, with admirable comprehensiveness, compressing a great deal of general information within very little space. He draws deftly the boundary where the new Japan ends and the old survives practically unchanged; he even glimpses that possibility, hinted at by others, of a reaction toward ancestral ways at some time in the future. Meanwhile, "it has been a long step from two swords to the clawhammer, but it has been taken. Peace hath her victories no less dreadful than those of war." And, apropos of war, Mr. Seitz saw no evidence of any advantages gained by the victory over Russia, except prestige, and, on the other side, a crushing national budget. Japan, moreover, like Germany, where the term originated, already has its problem of an "educated proletariat."

Much of beauty remains, much that is picturesque and graceful. There are old customs kept alive even by the most progressive Japanese whose exquisite spirit of courtesy might well be copied by the West. The author pays respectful homage to the charm of the Japanese woman, discusses the commercial morality of the Japanese man, and even includes in his account of the nation's eager progress the proposed substitution of the Latin alphabet for the Sino-Japanese ideographs. At times he describes extremely well. Here is his account of his first sight of the coast from the steamer:

> Like all things Japanese, it intrudes shyly into the scene. Above, behind and all about is a strange meeting of sky and sea, gray upon gray, silver upon silver, as Whistler loved to paint. There are no harsh lines, no loud colors. Even the Orient sun goes modestly down to light the Western world, leaving only the pinkness of the apple blossom about his trail. Then all is gray, not of ashes, but of pearl. Fisher boats flit into the view without sign of coming. They just appear. The picture is complete! Japan is here.

The large colored illustrations of this volume are a real and enduring delight. And there are Hokusai's marginal drawings within the bamboo frame designs of the text pages. A beautiful book, as well as a readable and sufficiently informing one.

Miss Coombs visited the northern New Hebrides, the Banks and Torres Islands, Santa Cruz, the Reef Islands and the eastern Solomons aboard the yacht Southern Cross, of the Milanesian Mission. She, too, does not undertake too much in her descriptions of these "isles of enchantment" in the vastnesses of the Southern Pacific. She likes the natives, their good humor above all else, and explains their intellectual limitation by comparing them with children. Their memory reaches back a half century at best; they have neither a written language nor stone with which to lengthen their recollection of the past. They even have no names for the islands on which they live—they have never felt the need of them—so "they will tell you what the district is called by those who live on the adjacent one." Names, moreover, have a curious way of being "taboo" out there, which sometimes even interferes with the reading of the Bible. There is "John," for instance. The New Testament contains no less than two. Not given to abstract thinking, Milanesians are vague on the subject of their own beliefs and superstitions. They seem to accept them without reflecting upon them at all. Moreover, why talk about them to white men, who, wishing to know, will in the same breath tell them that there are no spirits, and that it is nonsense to attempt to conjure with them? It may well be that from their standpoint it is the white man, and not they, who is vague, confused and altogether incomprehensible on the subject.

The pig is the measure of wealth and social standing in these islands. It is the highest form of currency, the gold and banknotes of Milanesia, the article of exchange for a wife, at the ratio of four to one; the road to chieftainship, the "pièce de résistance" of hospitality, and, like all forms of property, the cause of quarrels and violent death. It is not honored, however, as the horse is in Arabia. As for "long pig," the author dwells at length upon cannibalism, which is, it appears, not so much a perverted epicurism as a form of capital punishment. A man steals a pig, for instance; does not the punishment fit the crime when he is killed, cooked and eaten in its stead? It is also the crowning indignity that can be visited upon an enemy. Then, again, it may be only incidental to head hunting. Famine may be an excuse. Miss Coombs's researches have convinced her, however, that the sheer lust for this repulsive form of food is the least cause of the origin and survival of the custom, for survive it does. Of course, there are good Milanesians and bad ones. The worst of them all are the Solomon Islanders. Still, the missionaries are making satisfactory progress with their work of civilization, so says the author.

M. de Waleffe's [illegible] appeals to the American sense of humor. What King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick, the "Yankee" is to him in this record of his impressions of Central America. England, France and Germany, take warning! he says in substance. The United States is planning to gobble up Mexico and Central America, and the greater part of South America as well. Look to your markets, for the Yankee will seek to monopolize them! We are altogether unspeakable—vulgar, pushful—and Latin America hates us. If the Japanese fleet ever destroys ours, manned by "many-colored mercenaries," our Union will fall to pieces, and our influence to the south of us will fade away. Our success at Panama, after the fiasco there of the French canal company, rankles in M. de Waleffe's breast. His chauvinism is as comprehensive as it is entertaining. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declares in his brief preface that he loves us dearly, but—

> At the end of another hundred years, Germany, France and England will all be represented in Central America more or less; but in the case of the United States we must remember that they represent forty-five [forty-eight now] countries without a natural centrum; and there is always a possibility that some superior force may come and dissolve the nation, either by arousing the race hatred of the West for the East, or by future labor troubles between millionaires and workmen. I hope this will not come about, for I myself believe that the United States are a force for good in this world; but such an event is always possible.

Nigeria, the latest addition to the King's dominions overseas, taken over from a chartered company in 1900, has been overshadowed, in books at least, by the interest taken since that time in British East Africa. Both Mr. Falconer and Mr. Tremearne are of the long and honorable line of British colonial administrators. The country, whose extent equals that of England and France combined, has as yet been only partly explored, while its economic possibilities are still a question of the future. Mr. Falconer, who describes with gusto the adventures and hardships of his trip northward from the mouth of the Niger, is doubtful of the possibilities of cotton growing in the region, however fertile the soil, because the cost of labor is too high. The outlook for the tin industry is better, especially since cheaper transportation is to be provided by a narrow gauge railroad. But he foresees the exhaustion of the tin fields within a quarter of a century, when agriculture will have to be seriously taken up. There is little probability of an increase of the export and import trade of the region until the natives attain a higher state of civilization. Mr. Tremearne, while not neglecting the recent and early history of the country of the Hausas and Filani, the former hunting ground of the slavers, devotes most of his space to a study of the different tribes that inhabit it, their customs, manners, folklore, etc. The "tail" of his title is an artificial appendage, worn fastened around the waist by the women of certain tribes as a token of marriage, very much as a ring is worn by the matrons of the white race. The bearing of the custom on the many old traditions of human beings with tails is not overlooked by the author, who elsewhere informs us that cannibalism is still practised in parts of Northern Nigeria. Both books have the interest of the remote and unknown.

REMINISCENCES

Forty Years of Journalism and Literature.

MANY CELEBRITIES, AND A FEW OTHERS. A Bundle of Reminiscences. By William H. Rideing. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 335. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Rideing has a wealth of material to draw upon for his reminiscences. Born in Liverpool in the middle of the last century, he came to this country when quite a young man, engaging in journalism in Newark first, then on the staffs of "The Boston Journal" and "The Springfield Republican," and ultimately progressing to New York, where he served successively on "The Times" and The Tribune in the days of the Tweed ring. He is the author of many books for old and young—books of travel and fiction and of literary reminiscences—was associated with "The North American Review" in the days of Allan Thorndike Rice and Lloyd Bryce, the days of the controversies between Ingersoll and Gladstone and other sensational features, edited for a while a London periodical, and has been "associate editor" of "The Youth's Companion" since 1881.

His first desire was for the sea; then the stage lured him for a while in his boyhood days at home, but the claim of literature was strongest on him of all, owing, he thinks, to the influence of Dickens:

> He possessed us. The neighbors ceased to be called by their own names, and were nicknamed after his characters. The doctor's assistant became Bob Sawyer and the boots at the Derby Arms Sam Weller. The nurse in our own family was never spoken of except as Tilly Slowboy, and who could the ancient mariner in the shop where you could buy blocks, tackle and every part in miniature of hull and rigging for the model ships we built—who could he be but Cap'n Cuttle? Lady Dedlock, Bounderby, Gradgrind, Oliver Twist . . . they all passed our door, and some of them were intimates. Mr. Micawber was protean and multiple . . . Nearly all light literature had a Dickens flavor as long as Dickens was in his ascendancy. Never had any other writer so many imitators, nor a flavor so easily counterfeited.

Mr. Rideing omits to add, what Justin McCarthy told us long ago, that Dickens's influence was seen almost as strongly in the English journalism of his day, young reporters making his descriptive methods their model.

These pages teem with great names, American and English; with bits of description and characterization and anecdotes of the giants of New York journalism of an earlier day, great figures in our literature like Holmes and Aldrich, Twain and Stedman, Stanley and the vain Paul du Chaillu, and of Englishmen like Hardy, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Oliphant, James Payn, Walter Besant, Lord Wolseley, Lady Jeune, "Toby, M. P.," Blackmore, Gladstone and many others. Some of them are dealt with briefly in a paragraph or two; others have whole chapters to themselves. There are reminiscences also of the stage—Mr. Rideing wrote a play once, and tells its strange adventures—and of the intellectual society of Victorian London. Literary Boston he deals with in the past tense—a chapter closed, perhaps never to be reopened. He is always entertaining, never holds the note overlong, and occasionally gives us a neat bit of portraiture, as in the case of the late Edgar Fawcett, admirable poet and indifferent novelist. It is the man as he really was to all who knew him, with his amazing hypersensitiveness to all criticism, however insignificant its source.

It is, indeed, when he comes to speak of the forgotten worthies of thirty years ago that Mr. Rideing is at his best. He sighs a little, and asks who under middle age has ever heard of Fawcett, or of so many others who had their day of popularity and passed on. There were Francis Saltus and Maurice Barrymore, actor, unsuccessful playwright and novelist on at least one occasion. There was that early best seller Archibald Clavering Gunther, a man of some peculiarities. And George Parsons Lathrop—the coterie that met at "Oscar's," in Fourth avenue, as their seniors had met at "Pfaff's." And there was the "Grand Vatel," patronized by the New York bohemia of that day. One wonders if Mr. Rideing does not remember the Cherrières and their "Restaurant de Paris," in Washington Square, at a somewhat later period. "The Black Cat" was tawdry at best. It never had the true atmosphere.

On the social side there were the Sunday evenings of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce—Bunce of the undecipherable chirography, the disconcertingly short temper and much genuine kindness of heart, an influence in letters in New York during his long service as the Appletons' literary adviser. Mr. Rideing, one believes, has only begun to recall his memories of these days. He must have material left for many another volume. However great the ignorance of his juniors of a most interesting period in the artistic life of New York, and of the people who played their brief parts in it, there are enough of his contemporaries left to welcome this book, with its echoes of their own earlier years, hopes and experiences.

FICTION

New Novels by Frank Danby and E. W. Hornung.

CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT.

JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY. By Frank Danby. 12mo, pp. 426. The Macmillan Company.

This is far and away the best novel Mrs. Frankau has yet written. It is not that rare occurrence in contemporary fiction, a "great book," but certainly a notable one, first of all for its finished workmanship and unflagging interest, and in the second place on account of its unmistakable purpose, which is more serious than the comedy title suggests. How Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones must envy the author that happy find, by the way! Mrs. Frankau ranges herself in these pages on the side of character, decency and loyalty against "temperament" and the sophistries of its Higher Moral Law. The story is apparently not written with a purpose. On the contrary, that is made to grow naturally and increasingly out of the situation in which Joseph becomes involved. Hence the readableness of the book. The contrast drawn here is between the morals of the British aristocracy and the code of conduct of the country's great middle class. It does not, therefore, cover the whole field affected by the temperamental fiction of the moment, which ranges from the seats of the mighty to the hovels of the poor. Still, the author furnishes a plot within the plot, in the middle class itself from which her hero springs, and in the person of a young woman, who is, however, not temperamental at all, but merely common socially, and vicious mentally even more than morally. Last but not least, Mrs. Frankau asks a question about the future of the woman who longs not for the vote, who cares not for "wider spheres," but who is intensely and exclusively domestic; the woman to whom husband, home and children are all the world.

The scene is London. The author makes the most of it in incident, color and movement. Her plot is complicated, but firmly knit; her characters form an entertaining gallery of numerous sharply differentiated people. They range from Belgravia to Suburbia, wealth, the need of it and the use of it linking them together. It is the wealth of Amos Juxton, the "universal provider." Joseph is his son-in-law, and a Bond street picture dealer; his temptress, Lady Diana Wayne, the daughter of one peer, the widow of another, beautiful, still young, alluring, poor, a woman of many experiences, the incarnation of "temperament," but with a touch of aristocratic mercenariness, in which she resembles her brother, the Hon. Cosmo Merritt, a cynical 'arriviste,' and the link between he, and Joseph. She decides to steal him from his wife, since he is rich as well as comely to look upon, but her plan is shipwrecked by Joseph's firmness of character and principles, even though for a while he is decidedly in jeopardy. Mrs. Frankau, be it added in conclusion, does full justice to the strength of the temptation, no doubt in order that Joseph's virtue may stand out the more.

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

FATHERS OF MEN. By E. W. Hornung. 12mo., pp. 369. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Hornung boldly enters with this story the field where "Tom Brown" has set the standard, the field in which Dean Farrar labored for a while, in which Kipling has worked with questionable success, and in which of late years American authors have tried their hand, Mr. Owen Johnson not the least among them. "Fathers of Men" is, however, more a story for older than for younger readers, or, at least, that is the impression it leaves on the present writer. Mr. Hornung returns to the older English type of the genre, with this difference always, that he pays heed to the advance which psychology has made in fiction since the fourth quarter of the last century. The English public school, asserts one of the masters in this story, is "a melting pot for characteristics, but not for character. The child, and not the school, is the father of the man."

The boy who is the leading character and in a way the hero of this story is the offspring of a mésalliance, the son of a gentlewoman who eloped with a groom. She died shortly after the boy's birth, disowned by her family, the child, whatever the measure of its maternal inheritance, growing up in its father's environment—that of the stable and the coachman's quarters. When the father dies in his turn the boy, then nearly fourteen years old, is hastily prepared for a public school by his proud, unforgiving maternal grandfather. He enters the institution a lout, socially unformed, taciturn, with curiously mixed characteristics, true delicacy of perception being overlaid by views of conduct—the boyish sense of honor—that differentiate him from the "gentlemen's sons" among whom his lot is cast. And the son of the gentleman in whose service his father had died is among them. Will this boy betray him? The conduct of this boy in the matter, not revealed to him until the end, is not the least deft of Mr. Hornung's touches.

True to the tradition of the genre, he devotes almost as much attention to the psychology of the teachers, from the head master down, as to that of the boys. One of them—Mr. Heriot—is a fine, manly addition to the line of English educators in fiction; his sympathizing, understanding sister is an attractive figure in the background. And so "Tiger"—the schoolboys' unerring perception found the nickname—takes his chance in this preliminary world of school, his supposed secret, so fiercely guarded, known in reality to all from the very first. He takes his chance with this world of "human warious" in miniature, good and bad, gentlemen and cads in the growing, bullies and cowards, sneaks and boys of honor and right feeling, and from the depths of him, up through the deposit of early environment, struggles up his character. The world of school has made the best of him, he has made the best of himself there—he has found himself—when it sends him forth into a wider world. Mr. Hornung has fully justified the boldness of his venture.

REALISM.

TO M. L. G.; OR, HE WHO PASSED. 12mo, pp. 338. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The brutal, unsparing realism of this story gives verisimilitude to the claim of its anonymous author that it is the confession of a woman addressed to the man who would marry her. It is the story of the life of an American actress from infancy onward. The child of a couple of vaudeville performers, she grows up in the happy-go-lucky, murky atmosphere of cheap theatrical boarding houses, an atmosphere that is not so much vicious or immoral as cheerfully, unconsciously unmoral. Her innocence is protected in a haphazard, well meaning way, but she acquires a precocious knowledge of ways of living and views of life that lead inevitably to the course she herself follows thereafter. At fifteen she "goes on" in a pantomime. Throughout there are hints and suggestions of real personalities behind initials, and even mere dashes, that make the narrative look like a "roman à clef." That there is a measure of truth in it all can unfortunately not be denied; that it presents, in addition, all the gossip, the morsels of tittle-tattle that go the rounds, is equally true. It would perhaps not be worth while to review this mixture were it not that toward the end it suddenly rises from its flat, unprofitable realism to the height of an interesting study of this woman's awakening to the higher possibilities within her through her study of her first really important part.

WHITE OF SELBORNE

Beggarly Tributes to the Parson Naturalist.

London, February 21.

Has the name of Gilbert White ceased to be one to conjure with? The manuscript of the "Natural History of Selborne" was purchased from the Holt-White family for £315 in 1895 by an enterprising dealer, who expected to dispose of it at a handsome profit; but it has remained on his hands after British and American collectors have coldly examined it. Letters and relics of the parson naturalist, who succeeded in interesting thousand of observers and students in the phenomena of rural England, have been equally unmarketable. Selborne, in Hampshire, is visited by a few American enthusiasts every year, but English saunterers find it inaccessible either from Alton or Liss, and not many writers have taken pains to describe it since Richard Jefferies and Mrs. Maynell climbed the Hanger, and Lowell wrote a poem under a hospitable roof, and W. H. Hudson and Grant Allen studied the water plants of the sluggish Bourne and the woodland birds. Even when the Selborne Society desires to stimulate public interest in its work by collecting editions of the famous book and water color drawings of the naturalist's favorite haunts, it is a poor little exhibition that can scarcely fill Burlington Gardens for a few afternoons without the adventitious aid of Morris dances and Punch and Judy lectures.

The original manuscript, from which the "Natural History" was printed, is the principal treasure of this show, and it is in excellent condition and practically throughout in the clear, painstaking handwriting of Gilbert White, who condensed and revised the letters written to Pennant and Barrington. A considerable proportion of the hundred or more editions of the work is also exhibited, together with the Naturalist's Calendar, letters written to his two principal correspondents, sermons and other documents, and copies of his few books of reference. There is no portrait of the author himself since, either because he was modest in habit or frugal in expenditures, he would not allow any one to paint his likeness; but there are miniatures of his father by a court painter, and also his brother and one of the little niece, whose quaint comment on the rooks and their cawing prayers was repeated in one of his chapters. Among the relics are Gilbert White's orders as deacon and priest, his license and declaration as a curate, two family Bibles, the steel seal used in his correspondence and the copy of "Flora Anglica," from which 439 species were noted and identified in Selborne. There are also photographs of the shell of his pet tortoise, Timothy, and a copy of the first edition of the "Natural History" bound in the skin of his favorite spaniel. The most valuable relics are lent by his biographer, Mr. Rasleigh Holt-White, a brother of the famous war correspondent who gave to The Tribune the first news of Sedan.

The books and relics are well enough so far as they go, but when there is an artificial effort to supplement them with specimens illustrating the naturalist's observations and with objects in common use during his lifetime the results are laughably feeble. A few stuffed birds and nests with eggs make a beggarly show. The woods and hollows around Selborne contained a large proportion of the birds of the kingdom, and Gilbert White knew them all, although he clung tenaciously to the classic myth about the hibernation of swallows and martins. Scant justice is done to his knowledge of ornithology, and equally meagre are the illustrations of his close observations of harvest mice, common bats, fleas, mites, fossils, freestone and other objects mentioned in his letters, and an incongruous jumble of a curiosity shop is produced by the display of articles in use during his generation, such as costumes and smocks, fowling pieces and horse bells, snuffers and spectacles, razors and kettle-tilters, pipes and tabors, microscopes and coins of the period. The fame of the parson hussar, who rode over hill and dale and knew and loved every flower, water plant and bird of his beloved Selborne and recorded the movements of his tortoise, as Lowell humorously suggested, as seriously as though he were making up a court calendar, is sacrificed when he is represented as a typical man of science or a philosopher in touch with the life of his time.

The photographs, maps, lantern slides and water color drawings of Selborne are more illuminating than these topical illustrations. To one who has faithfully followed the keen eyed parson from the Wakes to Wolmer Pond, along the Bourne and the Lythe and over the beech-clad Hanger, from Newton Valence to Faringdon, and back from Blackmoor or Hawkley to the Plestor and churchyard with the ancient yew—these are vivid reminiscences of an ideal home for a naturalist. Selborne is one of the quaintest and most characteristic villages in England, and it has an environment of sylvan loveliness as varied as its flora and its bird life. It brought the good natured parson into close communion with nature, made him what he was and gave him the incomparable power of exciting in others enthusiasm for scientific study. A man of one book, which has lost such value as it once had as a work on ornithology and agricultural science, he loved the sights and undertones of rural England, and the hundred or more editions of his unpretentious naturalist's notes help to explain why Englishmen love them also and are happiest when they are leading an open air life on their native heath.

So true is it that, while Selborne had much to do with the making of Gilbert White, he has exercised a permanent influence in teaching his countrymen to use their eyes, to cultivate their natural gifts of observation and to take up the study of familiar objects in the open air. Around the corner from the poor little show in Burlington Gardens is the annual exhibition of water color drawings at the Agnew Galleries; and how easily do the old masters like Copley Fielding, David Cox, Peter De Wint and Turner hold their ground against modern competitors! They knew their rural England as intimately as Gilbert White knew his Selborne, and they were well pleased to use their eyes and to reproduce the simplicity and restful beauty of the home landscapes, woodlands and seas. These masters of water color have helped to create a taste for open air life and sport and to enable Englishmen to enjoy holiday recreation and countryside pleasures. Gilbert White came before the landscape painters and revealed the stimulative effects and pleasurable excitement of close companionship with nature. As the discoverer of rural England he has been a greater benefactor than any scientific investigator, and for that reason the stuffed birds and the eighteenth century properties are a beggarly tribute at Burlington Gardens.

I. N. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

The first number of a new architectural journal, "The Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University," will be published this month. Its purpose is to present in easily accessible form important work by students, special lectures delivered in the school and contributions by members of the teaching staff and graduates. The principal article in the first number will be an illustrated paper on "Architectural Acoustics" by Professor W. C. Sabine, with a practical discussion of a number of recent theatres, lecture halls and churches. Among the contributors to early issues will be Cass Gilbert, late president of the Architectural Institute of New York, and Professors Duquesne and H. L. Warren. The periodical is published by Harvard University.

Professor Matthews's Short Stories.

It is several years since Brander Matthews published his last book of fiction. A volume of short stories of his, "Vistas of New York," is issued this week by Harper & Bros. As the title indicates, the book is a companion to his earlier "Vignettes of Manhattan."

Plantation Ballads.

John A. Lomax, of the University of Texas, the compiler of a well known volume of "Cowboy Ballads," has in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co. a volume of "Plantation Ballads," containing the real negro songs that have been handed down from generation to generation in this country since the earliest days of slavery. Mr. Lomax, who has just been elected president of the American Folk-Lore Society, has refrained from "editing" either the songs or the music, giving them in their original form.

Meredith Nicholson.

The Houghton Mifflin Company are to be the publishers of Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "A Hoosier Chronicle." It is described as "a story of life and politics in a typical American state, in which the influence of a woman is keenly felt throughout." The book will be issued on March 16.

Fine Bindings.

At their New York offices, No. 16 East 40th street, the Houghton Mifflin Company will exhibit during the coming week a collection of some forty fine bindings executed by Miss L. Averill Cole, of Boston. The books themselves as well as their covers are of interest, among them being the "Simonean Stevenson," in eleven volumes, "commemorating the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simonean, of Monterey," each volume having on its flyleaf an autograph inscription from the author. A twelfth volume contains a collection of Stevensoniana—letters, manuscripts, photographs, drawings, etchings, etc. This edition, now the property of a San Francisco bibliophile, is bound in olive green levant, with medallion in dyed leather, representing a detail of the Monterey coast. There are, further, a copy of Shelley's translation of Plato's "Banquet," in full gray levant, with inlaid Greek design in shades of soft green; Sidney's "Certaine Sonets," in full cream levant, with inlaid borders in old rose and green; Haultain's "Mystery of Golf," in full green pigskin, tooled and inlaid; four copies of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Piper," and the Marcus Aurelius with which Miss Cole won the first prize at the international exhibition of arts and crafts at Brussels in 1905. She is a pupil of Louis Jacobs, of that city, and has been in charge of the designing and decoration of fine bindings at the Riverside Press since 1908.

The Parisienne.

The Putnams have ready a volume on "The Modern Parisienne," by Octave Uzanne, author of "Fashions in Paris," etc. M. Uzanne maintains that to-day the Parisienne is in many respects a different type from that studied by Balzac, and he analyzes the present day woman in every rank, environment and occupation. The Baroness von Hutten contributes an introduction.

Fogazzaro's Literary Remains.

A posthumous work of Signor Fogazzaro is to be published in Italy this month. It will include, it is said, several chapters of an unfinished novel and a collection of letters intended to demonstrate the orthodoxy of the author of "Il Santo."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY.

LAFCADIO HEARN. By Nina H. Kennard. Containing Some Letters from Lafcadio Hearn to his half-sister, Mrs. Atkinson. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. x, 356. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A biographical study of the man and his work.

MEN AND THINGS OF MY TIME. By the Marquis de Castellane. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With Thirteen Portraits. 8vo, pp. vii, 196. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Recollections of life under the Second Empire, with reminiscences of varied celebrities, Tallyrand, the Duc de Broglie, Liszt, and the Empress Augusta of Germany.

MANY CELEBRITIES AND A FEW OTHERS. A Bundle of Reminiscences. By William H. Rideing. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 335. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Reviewed in another column.

THE LIFE OF DAVID C. BRODERICK. By Jeremiah Lynch. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 259. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

The biography of a Californian Senator of the '50's.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALL THE CHILDREN OF ALL THE PEOPLE. A Study of the Attempt to Educate Everybody. By William Hawley Smith. 12mo, pp. ix, 346. (The Macmillan Company.)

ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By W. F. Webster. 12mo, pp. vii, 352. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Setting forth the principles of composition and forms of discourse—narration, description, exposition and argumentation. With a list of questions and an index.

HISTORIA DE LA UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL DE VENEZUELA. Decretada Por Su Rector. Como Contribucio del Instituatio á la Celebracion del Primer Centenario de la Independencia Nacional. Y Escrita por el Dr. J. De D. Mendez y Mendoza. Tomo Primero. 8vo, pp. ix, 414. (Caracas: Tipografia Americana.)

GERMAN FOR DAILY USE. Comprising Conversations for Journeying and for Daily Use in Town and Country. By E. P. Prentys. German Revised by Frau Alma Bucher. 16mo, pp. vi, 178. (The W. R. Jenkins Company.)

FICTION.

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